

*Heaney*

Spring-Summer 1973



*Wake! The silver dusk returning  
Up the beach of darkness brims,  
And the ship of sunrise burning  
Strands upon the eastern rims.*

*Up, lad, up! 'Tis late for lying;  
Hear the drums of morning play;  
Hark, the empty highways crying  
"Who'll beyond the hills away?"*

*from "Reveille"  
by Alfred Edward Housman*

# GLEANER

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## CO-EDITORS

Ray D. Blew '74

Ana Simon '75

### Typing Staff

David Leininger

Howard Mandel

Ray D. Blew

### Art Staff

Ana Simon

Howard Mandel

### Layout & Design

Howard Mandel

### Photography

Nick Pagerly

## CONTRIBUTORS

Ana Simon '75

Mike Weller '75

Tom Yohe '75

Robert J. Palazzi '74

Ray D. Blew '74

P. Bowles

Howard Mandel '74

Drew Kotalic

Edward Biddle

### Faculty Contributions

Edward O'Brien, Jr.

### Quotes from . . . . .

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Alfred Edward Housman

### Additional Art Work

Campus Press Service

### Faculty Advisors

Dr. George Keys    Edward O'Brien, Jr.

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*A ruled life is led so sure – and sheltered pure.  
On level ground you'll not fall far.*

*But then, again, ne'er will you rise.*

*Ana Simon*

# THE CHESS AMBIVALENCE

BY EDWARD O'BRIEN, JR.

*"Reputation is the only incentive I recognize."*

— Paul Morphy

Ambivalence is defined as "the simultaneous attraction toward and repulsion from an object, person, or action." To any sensitive person who knows the dubious blessing of a fondness toward the sport of chess, ambivalence is doubtless the most accurate description of his attitude toward the royal game. The devoted chess-player loves and despises chess for what it is (a fascinating mental exercise and an exhausting time-killer); he loves it for what it can do (it makes possible the creation of sensuous and abstract beauty) and he despises it for what it can do to himself and others — chess feeds vanity and the lust for domination over others.

A closer look at the ambivalence of this ancient game — some would call it an art or a science — might be profitable for those who would know why people "play at chesse", as a medieval writer might put it.

First, the attractive side. The simple fact is that chess is fun. And whatever is fun is wonderful; that is, full of wonders. Chess is played because it is a keen, interesting, joyous escape into a diversion. The fun is involved in the sharp matching of wits, of mind against mind, which makes the contest, the game. Probably the simplest and finest pleasure of chess consists in two good friends enjoying a game together in a quiet, cozy room of a comfortable house, with agreeable things accompanying the game, such as wine, cheese and crackers, cigarettes, and soothing music. A fire crackling in the fireplace and a dog padding about, rain outside. I would say these moments are the very best the game has to offer — chess in its most humanistic realization, happily devoid of the fierce competition that coarsens tournament play. A friendly game is one where the ugly spirit of competitive stress and strain is dissipated by affection and where consequently a mood of relaxation obtains. The most attractive side of chess is what may be called its "moral" character, its ability to increase the enjoyment of friendship.

Another attractive element of chess is its aesthetic character. The beauty of the game is both sensuous and intellectual. The sensuous beauty is provided by the pieces themselves (when well carved) as they move over the checkered board — by the nimble leaping of the knights (milk-white unicorns or black steeds prancing), by the long side-ways sliding elusiveness of the bishops (subtle churchmen), the straight-forward masculine sweep of the rooks (solid castles of power), the feminine authority of the queens, the quiet strength of the kings, the pedantic plodding of the pawns. All the color and motley and pageantry of the high middle ages is stylized in the 32-piece hierarchy waiting comfortably at the start of a game. One imagines Camelot, boar-hunts, tapestries, Merlin, flagons of ale, banners, French inscriptions — *Honi soit qui mal y pense* — silver trumpets and golden lutes, cathedrals, misty forests, Richard Coeur-de-Lion, the castle of Carnarvon. . . all the enchanting cornucopia of Christian civilization. Chess is fun.

The intellectual beauty of the game is something else again, being chiefly a matter of, I suppose, logic, invention, surprise, and subtlety. The formal, abstract beauty that is created by the neat technique or by the sacrificial combinations of great players is wine to the intellect. For example, when in 1858 in New Orleans, the young master Morphy (playing blindfolded!) sacrificed first his rook, then his queen to launch a complex and decisive two-bishops-and-pawn attack, he moved his pieces with an elegant, stunning finesse that brought into being a masterpiece of logic and imagination. In another splendid example of creative chess, against Thompson in 1857 in New York, Morphy gave up a rook in order to initiate a sparkling sequence of thirteen queen-and-knight maneuvers that won his opponent's queen. The sheer natural genius of the great Cuban master, Jose R. Capablanca, as he cut through the appallingly complicated abysses of hypermodern chess to achieve a simple lucid victory, is proverbial. The Russian master Alekhine (apparently pronounced al-yekk-in) once, in a simultaneous blindfold display, announced a checkmate in ten moves. Botvinnik once adroitly calculated twenty-two moves ahead for a checkmate. The result of such play is art and the delight that the contemplation of art will give. The great masters of the game, in their ability to conceive combinations of astonishing intricacy, to weave mating nets of fastidious complexity, are comparable to the Mozarts and the Shelleys.

Despite this rather lofty claim for chess, there is something about the game, or about man's attitude toward it, which is disquieting. Across this faery realm of potent medieval magic, this esoteric kingdom of logical beauty, there floats a disturbing dissonance. . . the note of pride, vanity, or whatever. Also triviality. Let us admit it at once — chess is a snobbish triviality. Chess, or success at it, can easily make one a snob or a prig.

It seems very difficult to approach a game, whether lost or won, in the right spirit, which would be a detachment suitable to what is, or should be, only a game, a sport. I mean any particular game one is playing. The important thing is to win at all costs. One must not look bad; the logic of the thing, the *game*, is really secondary. What is primary is to look good; artistry yields to ego. And then one can use chess as a tool to achieve a certain kind of intellectual domination over another person, which is really rather shameful or even horrible when you think of it. The diabolical strain in chess lies in its power to make easier anyone's already easy tendency to worship that old unholy trinity — me, myself and I — by knocking down someone else. Dr. Lasker, world champion from 1894 to 1921, knew what chess really is to serious players. It is a fight. And when you fight you want to win; and when you win, someone must lose. And you are so glad! *Winning*. The very concept of winning is surely one of the queerest idols ever put up for sale in Vanity Fair.

And if all this is true of amateur, casual chess, it is certainly much more true of professional chess, of match and tournament play. Here, the ego swells to some rather startling proportions. Fischer has spoken warmly of that moment of victory when he can feel the ego of his opponent being crushed (by his own). One instance was during the crucial sixth match game against the Armenian master Petrosian, in Buenos Aires. Alekhine is reported to have smashed furniture in his hotel room after losing to the beautiful play of Yates. The concern was with his own loss, not with the fine performance of Yates. A German master whose name I can't recall stood on a chair after a game and shouted "Why must I lose to this idiot?"

Professional chess has always appeared to me as a world of competitive lust where the only thing that matters is to be the most powerful player on earth, or the strongest player in Russia, or in New York State, etc., etc. Alekhine is supposed to have said, upon entering another country — "I am Alekhine, chess champion



of the world." The biographies of famous chess-players make lamentable reading. Chess appears to be "everything" to them. Their idol is their own intellectual power. Domination and oppression are the words that describe the ambience of chess at the summit. And surprisingly, chess at these high levels of competence is also such a physical matter. It is no longer a game. Petrosian said, "Chess may start out by being an art or science, but it ends up a physical endurance test." Imagine the exhausting wizardry of playing, as Koltanowski did, 56 simultaneous blindfold games, winning fifty!

One of the fundamental flaws of chess is that it is much too difficult for a game, and therein lies its trap. It simply demands too much of a man's time. You hear tales of players devoting fantastic amounts of time to studying opening- and end-game theory. There are countless opening gambits, each with bewildering variations and sub-variations. In *Modern Chess Openings*, a volume of appalling size, sixty-five pages of small print are given over to tracing the labyrinthine mazes of the Sicilian Defense alone; over seventy for the Ruy Lopez. And this trivial Leviathan has devoured substantial portions of men's lives. Dr. Johnson said somewhere that nothing is too small for a man's attention, because men are small creatures. I wonder what he would say of *Modern Chess Openings*? Perhaps. . . "*Depend upon it, sir, this book is unworthy of a man's attention; it is an undertaking of utter futility.*" And then, of course, even to glance at the book called *Basic Chess Endings* is enough to discourage an Einstein. It seems to contain at least ninety thousand pages of Arabic script, written for the solemn digestion of a Martian computer. Chess is absurd.

Taken too seriously, chess is narrow, soul-constricting and illusory. Within the confines of a board of sixty-four squares, reality is reduced to the abstract and artificial relationships that obtain among a few pieces of wood mystically endowed with arbitrary powers. These powers and relationships have no existence or meaning apart from the mind of a chess-player, and only exist there when it is attending to them. "Chess" is a cream-puff kingdom ever on the verge of vanishing even when a-building in the minds of its makers, and when not thought of, it is nothing. To be caught in the shackles of nothingness is pathetic.

THE END

*Now my brother dead  
Daylight may wear my vengeance  
Contemplating life*

*BJP*





*Richard Allen*

## *Thursday at Night*

*Caught up in mandril wind  
Sockets of sight I envisioned at depth  
Till soon but one remained  
Manifest religion embroidering a  
Useless conception  
Paths of detection, suited in beige  
Diminishing reality. I beckon a phase  
Immune to these corridors I'll waver  
Revenge  
That compound kiss of darkness  
Heeding my direction till I am  
Once again caste  
Into oblivion  
Most unregretfully*

*BJP*

*Nestled in the hollow of mother earth. . . her arms surround you  
and comfort you,*

*You will subside all your pain and turmoiled soul  
along with all her dominions. She will love you  
to beyond your earthy thoughts.*

*P. Bowles*



# NOCTUIDAES, HORROR IN AGRICULTURE

BY MIKE WELLER & TOM YOHE

Noctuids are by far the largest family in the Lepidoptera Order of insects. The Lepidoptera Order consists of Butterflies, Skippers and Moths. They are also the most destructive insects of the Kingdom. The adults vary greatly in size, shape and color, but it is not the adult of this family that poses the most threat. It is the larvae. The larva is the just-hatched, immature insect that specializes in feeding. These larvae, after several weeks of feeding, fall into a rest period called the Pupa stage in which their bodies undergo great changes, and the adult (moth) emerges. The larva and the adult are so different in appearance that one doesn't realize the moth was once a worm destroying cabbage or another valuable crop just a few months ago. The larvae are leaf feeders, stem, root or fruit borers. They are unadorned with horns or other conspicuous features. The adult functions chiefly for reproduction, although a few pollinate flowers.

Cutworms are evasive Noctuid larvae. They feed at night, cutting plants crosswise at the stems, then hide in soil during the day. In the home garden the cutworm can be physically controlled by putting a paper collar around each plant. Another destructive species is the corn earworm which feeds on corn tomatoes and cotton. One way of keeping these insects under control is a practice called "trap cropping". For example, plant a few rows of corn in with your cotton crop and since the earworm prefers the corn, it will leave the cotton. When the corn is infested with the earworm, burn it to destroy them.

The cabbage looper feeds on basic vegetables such as cabbage, lettuce and green beans. It is easily identified by its looping or hunching motion of the body used for motivation. Pesticide recommendations for these worms vary greatly from state to state although Parathion, Sevin or Phosdrin are very commonly used controls.





# Stardrifter

And He owned the sky; castles with white marble floor.  
And He flew so high; kids would come to him for more  
'Cause He blew their minds; with ruptured raptured blues  
And He'd walk on by; to see if someone had brought the news  
And He slew their binds; broken past-part pages in the dust  
And He Knew their lies; cataclysmic mechanisms turned to rust.

And He said:

Break on through, come over here

Lose your minds and lose your fears

Jump on in, swim around

Stay awhile, be a clown, be profound –

He cried:

Look at me! Sit down and listen

All I can be is what's been missing

Hold on tight, we're losing ground

The Temple crumbles, The Priests have drowned

And They owned the Sky; golden chariots by the score

And They flew so high; kids would come to them for more

And They blew their minds; with touch of atoms – springing spraying

And They'd walk on by; and laugh at those of people praying

And They slew their binds; cut the Umble, tied a knot

And They knew their lies; these They raped and then forgot.

And He Said:

Break on through, pass over here

Lose your minds and lose your fears

Jump on in, swim around

Stay awhile, be sure to look around

He Cried:

Look at me, with sparkle glisten

Look at me, I can hear you listen

Touch my hands and be forgiven

All I can be is what's been missing

Hold on tight, we're losing ground

The Temple crumbles, ALL THE PRIESTS HAVE DROWNED

Howard Mark Mandel





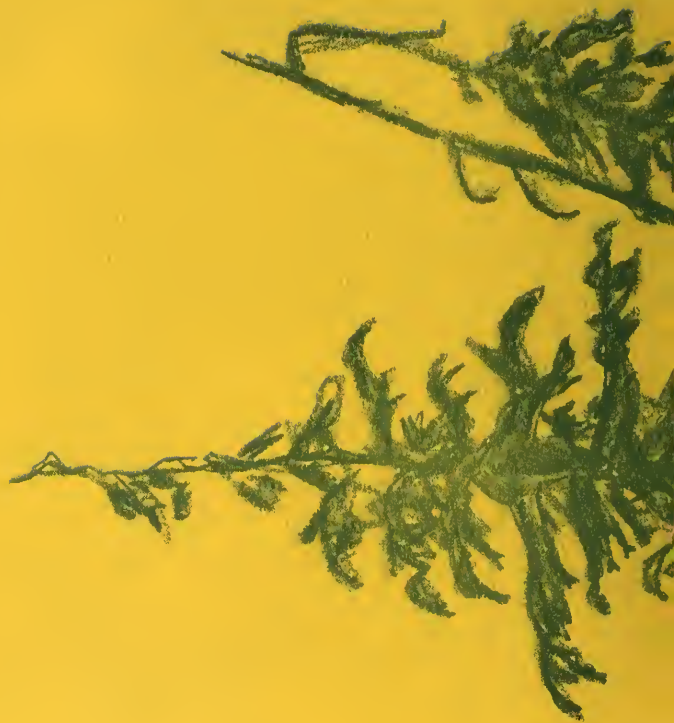
CONCORDIAN

*the ant i was about to smash  
at me looked and said  
save your hand stay thy lash  
for i'll soon be dead*

*why shorten a life that's short enough  
at me looked and said  
you see we work ourselves to death  
feeding queens in bed*

*my hand then quivered lowered itself  
at me looked and sighed  
off he scurried to his work  
until the time he died*

*harbinger*





*You had an excuse then,  
You "couldn't see straight."  
Then the world became a wart  
on the tip of your nose  
Look at it you cross-eyed fool!*

*Ray D. Blew*



*I left the world today  
And pondered a wooded dream  
Feeling a sun I'd never seen  
Flowers were winged  
Rigid stares from a llama  
Winding paths—  
Footsteps  
I knelt among the wheat  
Numerous days  
I fondled the sky  
I tasted the loam  
While opening my eyes.*



*BJP*





## *Flickerwick*

*Candle beckon unto thyself  
The lam'd heart of stranded soul  
That's fallen by the icy stream.  
Struggled o'er its cold stone walls  
The fugitive broke its crimson prisons  
And slashed away emotional chambers  
Tearing through the snowbrush.*

*Now sought in nestling sloaf-cup slumber  
The scarlet rivers of warmth and comfort  
Once spoke of by the harbinger.  
For just o'er the clearing  
And in the nightwood  
He lies quivering like a frozen quail  
Bounded by the storm.*

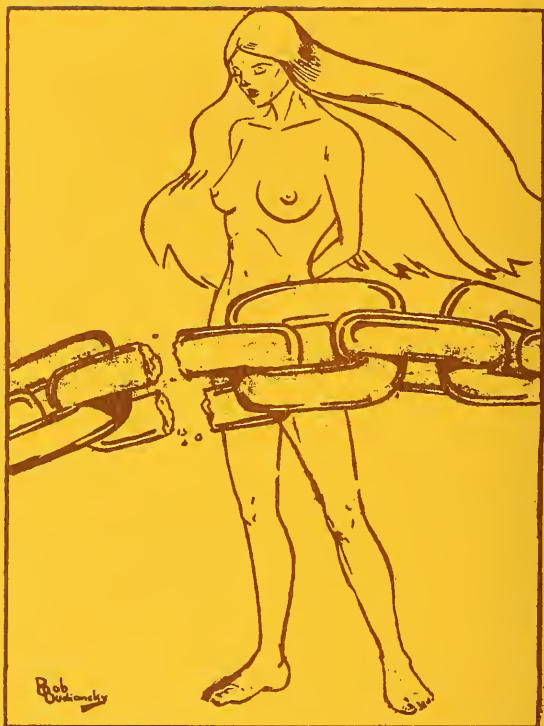
*May your guardian flame  
Guide him like a lodestar  
And eternal power of inspiration  
Open the wooded gates of deliverance  
And carry him home.*

*Ray D. Blew*



*I'm going to die. . .*  
*Someday,*  
    *When lilies are glowing*  
*With exuberance up-turned*  
*faces toward the sun.*  
    *I shall laugh among the*  
*grasses.*  
    *Transcend the hollow*  
*flowing river.*  
    *I shall stream peacefully*  
*along*  
    *flowing – floating,*  
*feeling all nature within*  
*throughout and without me.*

*P. Bowles*



*I move in thought. . .  
Of darkened shapes  
and wine-paled light.  
On moss-starred stones  
in slipping streams  
Through dust-filled rays  
of filtered beams  
I move in thought of you.*

*Ana Simon*



Tri-X Pan  
200 mm Vivitar  
1/500 second  
F unknown  
ASA 400  
D-76  
Minolta Srt 101

*Two pigeons resting peacefully atop  
a high building with the sky as their  
background and the clouds as their neighbors*

*P. Bowles*



## COLD DAY

by RAY BLEW

It was two in the afternoon, a cold day in March when I bopped across that field from the post office with an envelope I had already started making excuses for. I was done for the day and glad of it. I pulled off my shoes, took a running dive for the bed and threw the blankets up over my head. Mid-term grades I'd held in my hand containing an "F" in Organic, my second time around. What a drag, a "58", and I'd thought Dr. Erlenmeyer would have cut me a break. I then proceeded to obliterate myself from the picture, incorporating all conceivable exemptions from responsibility. It was easy.

I must have spent the better part of an afternoon sulking about my hard luck and assuring myself it wasn't my fault I got that grade and that's what I'd tell my father in the morning.

Friday morning rolled around like half a worldly revolution and I found myself packing my dirty socks, an envelope, and bagful of programmed exonerations I carried like the answer to the sixty-four dollar question.

Tootie-toot! Terror-toot! I stashed the goods in the back and we were gone with the wind. With cruise control and counting at 80 on the Pa. T. P., the parley begins. . .



“Well?”

“Well, what?”

“What hell, the grades.” He didn’t go for the verbal games.

I was just about to spit the non-virtue when I stopped and took a good look at the man who’d asked me that same question six times in the past two years. He was a strong and tough-looking big man at forty-three and although I was an inch taller now, I still looked up to him. When he laughed his forehead wrinkled like an accordion and to shake his willing hand was like joyful reunion with a number seven sandpaper. He’d made well of his life, but oh there were times! There were times so bad I can still see Mom, numbering sheets of waxed paper so we wouldn’t use them more than three times. He never said he got a bad break; his dreams had snowballed into genuine authenticism. A perennial winner — an achievement activationist. He’d conquered the mushroom and executed defeat as he culminated that one simple serenade-like septicemia that beckoned every man hum a tune in his own private manner. . . success. Most never found the words, the phrase, the tune, the melody. Nor had I. I had no excuses, gave none, and thought little more of it as we travelled on, quietly, slightly distracted by a faint euphoric toccata that kept me toe-tapping the floorboard all the way home.



*To share your sleep. . .*

*To reach your dreams and draw you in —  
and out— and up— and far beyond.*

*To reach your dreams and be a part  
and know and feel your spirit shapes,  
and darkest deeps, and wanderings.*

*To be a dream and dream for you  
and drift and sleep in love.*

*To play amid your crystal flashing silver space  
To spin and glide and keep the night  
and plunge on through. . .*

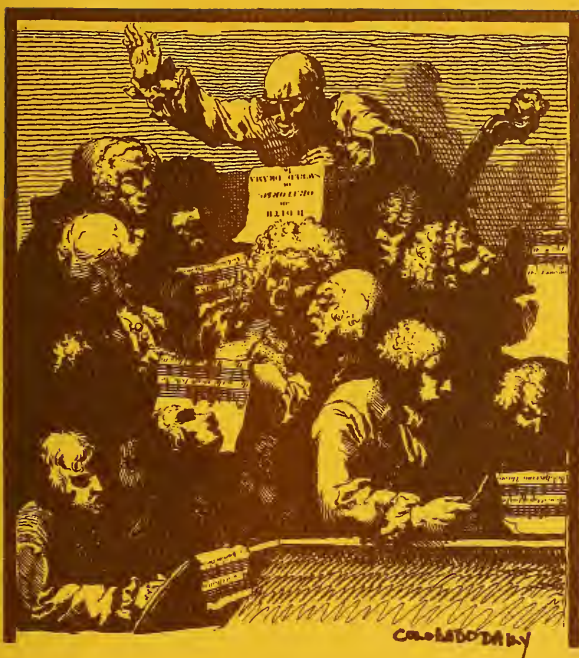
*To share your morning.*

*Ana Simon*

*Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory;  
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.*

*Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.*

*—Percy Bysshe Shelley*



American literature has lost one of its most prolific creators with the recent death of novelist Pearl Buck. Mrs. Buck was also a member of the Board of Trustees of Del-Val. She wrote many citations for honorary degrees presented here, and received a Dr. of Letters degree at the 1965 graduation where she was also the main speaker.

Awarded both the Pulitzer Prize (1932) and the Nobel Prize for Literature (1938), she was elected to membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Humanitarian in practice as well as thought, she founded *Welcome House*, a non-profit organization designed to facilitate the care and adoption of American-born children of Asian ancestry.

Born in West Virginia in 1892, she grew up in China, acquiring an appreciation and respect for the Chinese people that was revealed in her many tales of Chinese culture and life.

*The Good Earth*, published in 1931, gained its author international acclaim and a Pulitzer Prize. Made into a movie, the novel established Pearl Buck's reputation as a literary great.

Creator of *The Chinese Novel*, *My Several Worlds* and *The Promise*, she also authored numerous children's books and contributed to various magazines, including *Nation* and the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

*"I remember when I was born. I do remember!  
"Through eternity I slept,  
"By its quiet waters swept,  
"In its silence safely kept.  
"All unknowing night or day, all unthinking there I lay,  
"Suddenly by life compelled, I was free no longer held,  
"Free to live or free to die, free to be that which am I.  
"I remember when I was born. I do remember."*

*Pearl S. Buck*

Pearl S. Buck, Trustee  
we will miss thee

